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A Dragon Tale

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The Bardess of Caer Sidhe, am I, dropping in to tell you the tale of the last living Dragon on Earth - you know - the one who lived over the vale. The battle was great 'twixt the Wizard and she. The Last Dragon met her demise. When the smoke had all settled, the Wizard looked 'round; an object caught his sharp eyes...

"Lo! What is that?" sayeth the Wizard. "Good Goddess! I think it's an egg!" He scooped it up and sped to the castle, as quick as he could on old legs. Now the townsfolk were thrilled that the Dragon was gone. They applauded the Wizard as great...he told not of the egg that he cared for so well, as he feared the babe's possible fate.

The egg hatched and the Dragon was healthy. The Wizard loved him so well! But one night as the Wizard lay sleeping, he awoke by the tinkling of bells. "Twas the Ancients who came a calling, to tell him his time was near. He thought, with a jolt, "Who will care for this babe...the one who has grown so dear?"

Sadly, he called the Council and told of the callers in the night. He told them of the Dragon and then explained his plight. He told them that the Dragon was the symbol of the strong. He persuaded them to care for him...then began his journey long.

All wanted to care for the baby...but then the trouble broke out! There were too many squires and not enough peasants...a cauldron of trouble, no doubt!! "I want to feed it!" "I want to school it!" "I do!" "No, me! Not you!" They set up rules so lofty, the work was done by only a few...

Jealousy brewed more turmoil, and then the bragging began: "I gave up MY food for the baby...yes, I am a WONDERFUL man!" "That's NOTHING!" said one woman. "I gave him my ONLY shawl!" Egos rose and swelled so great, they encompassed one and all. Sadly enough, it got to the point with themselves they were duly impressed. They never saw to the Dragon...they were too busy with egos, at best.

The baby died of hunger. The baby died alone. The baby died of ill-attention, too weak to even moan. When the folk returned to the castle and found their charge quite dead, they looked at each other and pointed their fingers, then looked at the sky overhead. The clouds were dark, but from their depths, many voices spake as one: "The first law is love," spake the Goddess, "The second is 'ye harm none!'" Emptiness welled up inside as their tears began to stream. For they had killed the Last Dragon, and their one and only dream...

That is the story I traversed to tell, and to it, I beg, pay great heed. Always take time to help one another - the time to do a good deed. Everyone is different, though the same at times, it seems. Accept your neighbors differences, and cultivate their dreams.

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Last modified: August 19 2018 14:59:55